PENTHOUSE

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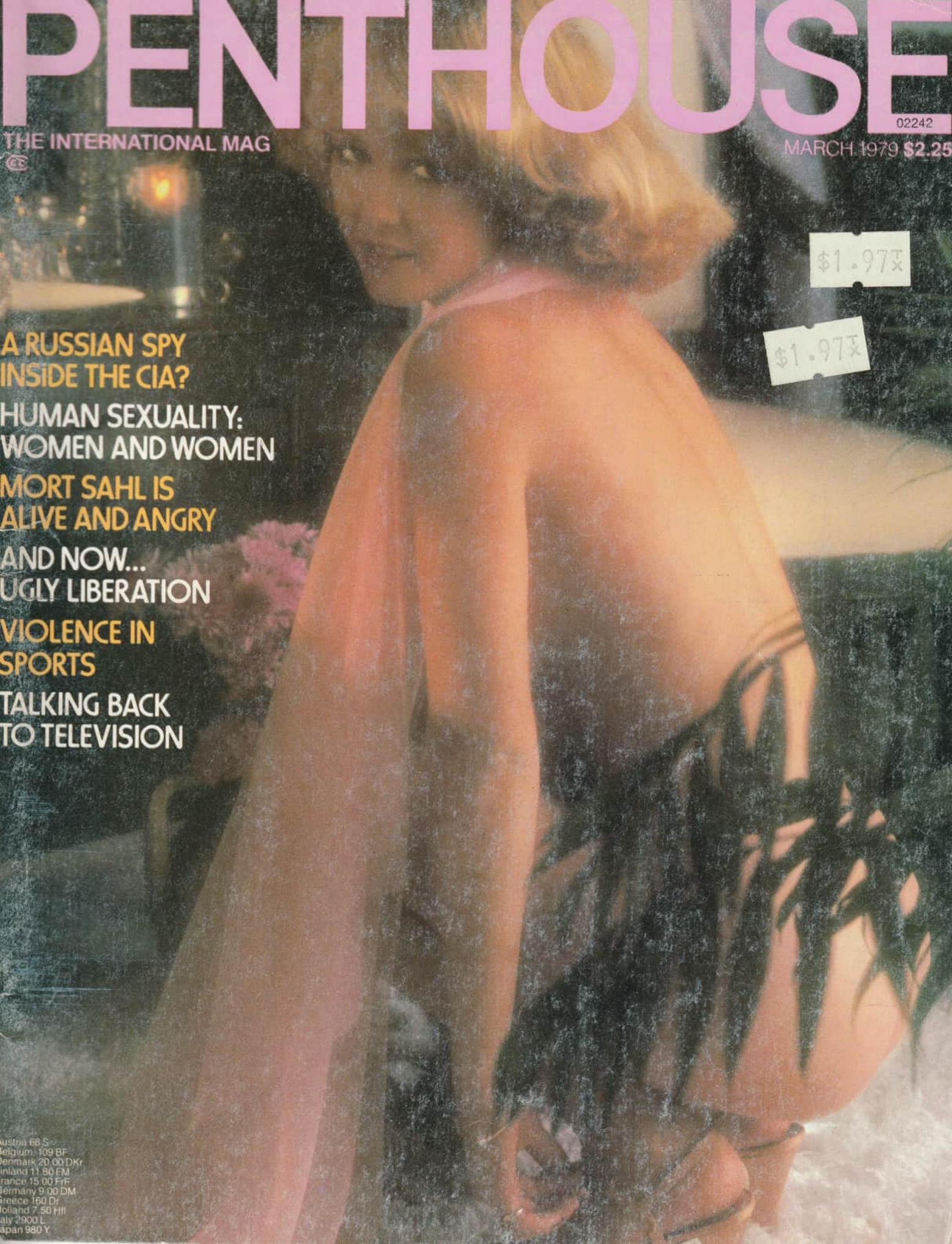
THE INTERNATIONAL MAG

MARCH 1979 $2.25



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A RUSSIAN SPY INSIDE THE CIA?

HUMAN SEXUALITY: WOMEN AND WOMEN

MORT SAHL IS ALIVE AND ANGRY

AND NOW... UGLY LIBERATION

VIOLENCE IN SPORTS

TALKING BACK TO TELEVISION

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Back, by popular demand.

Just a few years ago, illegal hunting and encroaching civilization had all but destroyed the alligator population in the south. They were added to the official list of endangered species in the United States.

Now alligators have made a comeback.

Conservationists intent on preserving this legendary reptile helped the alligator get back on its feet. Once again some southern swamps and marshes are teeming with alligators.

With wise conservation policies, other endangered species have also made comebacks . . . the cougar, gray whale, Pacific walrus, wood duck, to name a few.

If you want to help save our endangered species, join the National Wildlife Federation, Department 106, 1412 16th Street, NW, Washington, DC 20036.

PENTHOUSE

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DUAL IN THE SUN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANTONIN KRATOCHVIL

When they first played this game, they were children: innocent, prepubescent girls, tying each other up and inventing make-believe showdowns. But as they grew up, their games turned into erotic rituals. No one, swore these dimpled daughters of Lesbos, could ever fence them in. And sometimes, paying sentimental homage, they dress up in boots and bandannas and reenact the cream of their youthful fantasies.

Alone on the open range, they exult in the ultimate freedom of their imagination: whip in delicate hand, the dominant lover lashes her slave into a dreamy, delirious lather. Pain, at the hand of one she adores, is more than pleasure. Then she slakes her thirst for a kiss.

Nipples harden with desire; the sun beats down, bathing them with glistening perspiration. Sometimes, as in a dream, they bring each other home with the barrel of a gun, sometimes with the softness of a finger . . . or tongue. They know a hundred ways to achieve surrender.

Lying under the stars, they create a world of their own. Absorbed in the moist darkness of each other's sex, they abandon themselves to feelings as primal as the earth, as radiant as the moon . . .

The smell and feel of their musky
wetness, the desert's cooling
breeze, and the sensuous odor of sun-baked
leather—every element combining to
bring them pleasure. Standing tall, willowy
legs apart, the mistress opens
herself to her lover's ecstatic exploration.
They are women of immeasurable
variety: humble and devoted to each other,
proud and defiant of the world.
Their games are like the wishes of children . . .
arabesques of infinite grace and variety . . . of
erotic dreams and adventure. The games
of long-ago youth . . . played in pantomime.

"I'd do nearly anything to please my man—and I'd want him to do the same for me."

SHASTA

"I can't understand
young women who marry older,
sexually indifferent
guys just because they have money.
It would be fun to
sit in the lap of luxury,
but it would have
to be a pretty active lap
to interest me!"

SUGAR BABY

"I'd *much* rather curl up with a man on a quilt-covered feather bed than on a fur-covered water bed," declares sumptuous Shasta Lindstrom, our March Pet of the Month. Shasta was discovered among the old-fashioned, objects she loves, in the California antique store where she works. According to the photographer who snapped her up, Shasta's petite 36-22-35-inch body was easily the most exquisite *objet d'art* in the place.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I'm ready for a more grown-up thing, something less like Love Story *and more like* Swept Away.*"*

"In some ways," confides this green-eyed, twenty-year-old fledgling antiquarian, "I seem to be in love with the past. My first boyfriend was also my first lover—the only one I'd ever had up until a few months ago. He taught me everything I know and literally—as in the song—took me from bobby socks to stockings. But now I'm ready for a more grown-up kind of thing, something a little less like *Love Story* and a little more like *Swept Away*. I guess that kind of romanticism is a little old-fashioned . . . like my antiques. But when some superliberated woman asks me why I don't want to be autonomous, I answer,'I *do!* I want to be free—free to find some man who'll make me his slave!'"

"Not in the literal sense, obviously," she explains. "But in the sense that I'd do nearly anything to please him—and I'd want him to do the same for me. I'd be his comforter if he'd be my protector. If that's called role-playing, I'll take the part!"

Shasta never looks twice at a man who doesn't have both a sense of humor and "enormous" reserves of patience. "In some ways I'm still a little girl, and I need to be indulged. Maybe that's why I'm becoming more attracted to older men."

Antiques and interior locations by "The Cricket", Venice, Ca.; Clothing and lingerie by Maya Imports, Santa Monica, Ca.; "Trashy" Lingerie/402 Shoes, Hollywood, Ca.

"Not that a man has to be rich. If he is kind and understanding and makes a decent living, a Sweet-'n-Low daddy will do just as well as a sugar daddy. I can't understand young women who marry older, sexually indifferent guys just because they have money. Obviously, it would be fun to be sitting in the lap of luxury, but it would have to be a pretty *active* lap to interest me!" Shasta admits that she comes from a rather overprotected background, which might explain her desire to be pampered. "My father spoiled my mother, my mother spoiled me, and I definitely plan to spoil any man in my life. It's a chain reaction."

The fastest way to win her heart, aside from being "a handsome, benevolent despot," Shasta adds, is to shower her with sexy, luxurious underthings like the corsets and camisoles she wears, to fetching distraction, on these pages. "It really brings out the coquette in a woman to dress in something frilly or lacy or silky. It makes undressing last a lot longer. After all, the more suspense you build up, the better the climax will be." It seems especially appropriate that someone as breezily good-natured as Shasta should be our Pet for March. Like the month itself, any lucky man in her life might well go in like a lion, but he's sure to come out like a lamb.

"When some liberated woman asks if I want to be autonomous, I answer, "I want to be free—free to find a man who'll make me his slave!"

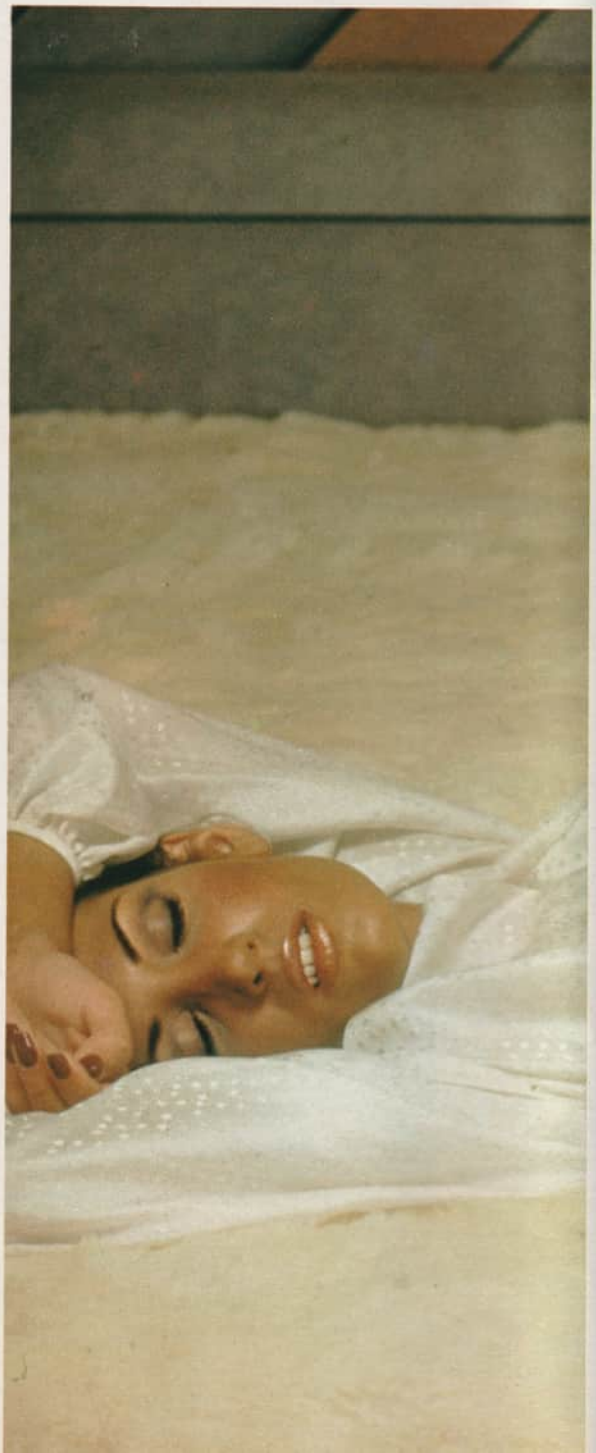
Hot tub by Bob Holborow, L.A.; Makeup by GiGi

MISS SHASTA LINDSTROM/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

SOL SISTER

The name Solana literally means "sunny spot" in Spanish, our bronzed Brazilian import explains, "and I try to live up to my name by brightening up the lives of everyone I'm close to." Solana, nicknamed "Sol" by her best friend in grammar school, thinks that "roots and long-term stability are for *trees*, not for people! I like to keep on the move and keep growing, both emotionally and physically. To me, love means never having to ask permission. I respect the freedom of any man I'm with, and I insist on the same from him. A lot of supposedly modern men can't handle this, but I fall only for the strong, self-assured type—and he's able to handle just about anything—especially me!" Solana now lives in Albuquerque, where she spends most mornings practicing the old-time jazz tunes she loves on her baby-grand piano or perfecting her finely tuned, 36-23-35-inch body with modern dance classes.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI



"I'd much rather break my neck having a good time than strain my neck being bored!"

Her favorite outdoor sport is bareback riding, a passion she acquired when growing up on a Brazilian ranch managed by her father. "It's incredibly exhilarating to take off at a full gallop on a really mean stallion and hold onto his mane for dear life," says our self-confessed Brazil nut. "My parents are worried that bareback riding is dangerous, but I love excitement. I'd rather break my neck having a good time than strain my neck from boredom," she concludes.

"I like to keep on the move. Roots and stability are for trees, not people!"

Occasionally, she likes to stop and relax,
of course. "Maybe it's because of my Brazilian heritage
and this sleepy New Mexican culture, but nothing
turns me on more than taking a long siesta with the man I love."
What if she's sleeping alone?

"To me, love means never having to ask permission. I respect the freedom of the man I'm with."

"Then I'll read a good book, listen to records, talk on the phone, find a new way to do my hair—anything. I'm not one of those dependent women who freak out at the thought of a night—or even a week—alone. If I don't find myself interesting, why should anyone else?" We doubt she'll ever have to worry about a man's flagging attentions. Under her sunny influence, who could complain about overexposure?

TUTANKHAMUN

OH, WICKED WANDA!
NEWS OF THE DELLICIT DELIGHTS BEING FREELY DISPENSED TO THE PUBLIC IN WANDALAND HAS REACHED HIGH PLACES. REACTION IS SWIFT AND STERN — SHERIFF LEO NITHICK HAS ORDERS TO CLOBE THE PLACE DOWN!
SKEREEECH
GET ON THE SIDEWALK— YA GODDAM PEDESTRIAN!
THIS IS A HELLUVA TOUGH WORLD TO GROW UP IN!
HANDLE THIS RIGHT AN' YOU COULD BE THE NEXT GOVERNOR! AN' AFTER THAT MAYBE EVEN...!
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON
WANDA KNOWS NOTHING OF THE EVENTS NOW SET IN MOTION. AT WANDALAND ALL IS PEACEFUL.....
THE LAST FANTASY OF THE DAY HAS BEEN ENACTED. THE CROWDS HAVE GONE HOME. THE CLEANERS HAVE GONE HOME. THE GATES ARE CLOSED FOR THE NIGHT.....
PHZOOM!

SHERIFF LEO NITHICK AND HIS POSSE SMASH THEIR WAY INTO THE CENTRAL BUILDING.....
WELCOME TO
ANDA
AND
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
CLOMP
?
EIGHTY FOOT PUSSY!
JEEZE! WHAT TH' HELL IS THIS PLACE?
STEADY MEN!
IT'S A COMMIE PLOT TO CORRUPT YA!
CONCENTRATE ON OLD GLORY!
DON'T LET 'EM GET YOUR MINDS!
IN THE CENTRAL CONTROL ROOM HOMER SAPIENS IS ENJOYING A CHICKEN LIVER AND DILL SANDWICH AFTER A CLANDESTINE LATE NIGHT FANTASY WITH HALF A DOZEN WOOD NYMPHS....
WHAT'S THIS— CUSTER'S LAST STAND?
WAIT A MINUTE! THE PLACE IS CLOSED!
THAT'S NO FANTASY!
GRUD! GET OUTTA THAT BED!
WE'RE BEING RAIDED!
I'LL WARN THE MOBTRESS!

AH, SAPIENS—I WANT A WORD WITH YOU! SOME OF THESE SEXUAL FANTASY FIGURES DON'T SEEM TO HAVE MUCH STAMINA!
IF YOU'VE DELIBERATELY INCORPORATED A BUILT IN OBSOLESCENCE TO FURTHER YOUR OWN INTERESTS— I'LL HAVE YOUR.....!
WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! FIRST TIME IN MONTHS SHE'S PLAYED WITH ME —AN' HE COMES IN AN' SPOILS IT!
MISTRESS! WE'RE BEING RAIDED!
GOSH, BOOFUL! THE BOATS ARE FULL OF FIERCE LOOKING POLICEMEN!
MY ROBE, SAPIENS!
WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE A LITTLE FUN, PUSSCAKE!
OH, THAT PERFUME! IT'LL BE THE DEATH OF ME!
ACTIVATE SOME OF OUR FANTASY TABLEAUX, SAPIENS
LET'S SEE WHAT IT TAKES TO TURN A DEDICATED POLICEMAN ON!

sleeping beauty
one prick and she wakes!
cinderella waiting for a ball!
SPREAD OUT AND ARREST EVERY-ONE, MEN!
STEADY MEN!
MEN!

I'VE BIN DREAMIN' THAT DREAM SINCE I WUZ 12 YEARS OLD!
I MAY NOT HAVE MUCH IMAGINATION — BUT, BROTHER — I KNOW WHAT I LIKE!
and Free Beer
YOU'VE GOT NO SELF DISCIPLINE!
THAT'S WHY THEY WHUPPED US IN ASIA!
SPLAT!

LIBERALISM IS SOFTENING YA BRAINS!
SAPPING YOUR WILL!
YOU'RE ALL HOT DOGS AN' ICECREAM! NO BACKBONE!
YOU'RE BEIN' EMASCULATED BY THE WOMEN'S MOVEMENT!
YOU BUNCH OF DEGENERATE POT HEADS!
YOU AIN'T MEN! ALL YOU'RE FIT FOR IS POSIN' FOR DEODORANT ADS!
I DON'T NEED YA — I'LL DO IT MYSELF!

FINISH HIM OFF, BOO'FUL! THE ROTTEN SPOIL SPORT MUCKED UP OUR GAMES!
MUCH CRASHINK UND DER SHOUTINK LIKE DER THIRD VORLD VAR HAF STARTED MITOUT ME!
SHALL I DEAL WITH HIM, MOSTRESS!
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY, GRUD!
SOMETHINK IST WRONG?
NOTHING THAT NEED CONCERN YOU, OLD COCK!
NOT YET, PUSSCAKE. HOMER AND I FORSAW SOMETHING LIKE THIS!
HE FASCINATES ME! THICK AS A PLANK AND WITH NO IMAGINATION WHATSOEVER!
BARELY HUMAN AND WITH ABOUT THE SAME I.Q. AS ONE OF HOMER'S ROBOTS!
TIME FOR CONTINGENCY MEASURES, SAPIENS!
AT ONCE MY ILLUSTRIOUS COMMANDER!
VOS IST GOINK ON VILL NO VUN BE TELLINK ME?
YOU KNOW SOMETHING, FELLERS? SOMETIMES I'M ABSOLUTELY AMAZED AT MY OWN BRILLIANCE!
LOOK AT THE NEXT PAGE AND YOU'LL SEE SOME OF MY ELECTROBIONIC TOYS USED WITH REAL FLAIR— EVEN IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF!

OKAY, YA BUNCH OF PERVERTS — GRAB THE CEILING! ER.... UH... ..GULP!
GOOD EVENING, SHERIFF. WAS THAT RATHER OVER DRAMATIC ENTRANCE REALLY NECESSARY?
THIS IB A VERY BORING GAME! I AIN'T EVEN GONNA GET ANY TIPS OUTTA THIS LOT!
SOMETHINK BEYOND MINE COMPREHENSION IST GOINK ON AROUND HERE!
I...I'VE GOT ORDERS TO CLOSE THE PLACE DOWN, SIR!... AN' TO ARREST THOSE RESPONSIBLE!
DO YOUR DUTY, OFFICER. MS. VON KREESUS IS MERELY A GUEST HERE, LIKE MY COLLEAGUES...
FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR THIS ESTABLISHMENT AND ALL ITS RAMIFICATIONS RESTS WITH PROFESSOR LIBIDO VON HOTZMANN HERE!
CONTRACT
AS THIS DOCUMENT CLEARLY STATES!
VHY DO I HAF DIS FEELINK LIKE I VOS DER CANARY BIRD MIT DER GREAT FAT PUSSY ITS LIPS VOS LICKINK?

WE'RE ALL SO PROUD OF YOU, PROFESSOR!
YOU ARE A SHINING LIGHT IN A DARK WORLD!
A MAN WHO IS PREPARED TO STAND UP TO THE WORLD FOR HIS BELIEFS!
A BEACON OF ENLIGHTENMENT AND FREEDOM!
THE FIRST MARTYR IN THE NAME OF SEX!
VILL SOMEBODY TELL ME VOT IST GOINK ON?
YOU GOT ALL OUR LAWYERS LINED UP?
YES, MOSTRESS!
THERE IS STILL A STRONG CURRENT OF PILGRIM FATHERS PURITANISM IN THE MAINSTREAM OF IDEAS IN THIS COUNTRY!
I'M GOING TO ENJOY DRAGGING THIS THROUGH THE COURTS OF THIS COUNTRY!
OHH, SHE'S GONNA GET ALL SERIOUS AGAIN! IT'S GONNA GET AWFULLY BORING AROUND HERE!
CAN WANDA GET AWAY WITH IT? IF YOU WERE A LAWYER WOULD YOU MAKE A STAND FOR HER BY ACCEPTING HER BRIEFS? IS THIS A RUT-ORICAL QUESTION?
THEY'LL TRY TO TEAR YOU TO PIECES THROUGH THE MEDIA, PROFESSOR....
BUT WHEN THE FIRST GREAT TIDE OF MORAL INDIGNATION BREAKS OVER YOU—REMEMBER —WE'RE ALL BEHIND YOU!
YEAH! WAY BEHIND!
VILL SOMEBODY BE TELLINK ME VOT HAPPENINK IST IN DER NAME OF HELL?